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PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

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The History of Perourou;

OR,

THE BELLOWS MENDER

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

[*Translated from the French.*]

(CONTINUED.)

THIS last letter agitated me exceedingly. One minute I resolved to pursue Aurora, and oblige her to be obedient to a man whom destiny had made her husband. Presently, however, I felt an unconquerable repugnance to persecute a woman whom I tenderly loved. Besides, this project was impracticable, she having been gone several hours; so that whether I sent to get horses at Montelimart, or undertook the journey on foot, too much time would be lost to have the least probable hope of overtaking her. I had, therefore, nothing more left to do than to quit a place for ever, which could only torture my mind with all the bitterness of recollection. I had money enough to reach Lyons; and before my setting out I asked the curate and his niece separately if they knew any thing of my wife's elopement. I implored and threatened them, and altho' they were, as I afterwards learnt, the first contrivers of this plot, I could extort no confession from them. No sooner had I reached Lyons than I found new obstacles in my way. Where was I to begin my search? How was I, in a city of such immense population to discover the asylum in which Aurora had concealed herself! How could I presume to address myself to her father while yet in the first transports of his rage and just indignation against the criminal seducer of his daughter? How was I to run from one convent to another without exciting suspicion from the nature of my questions, and exposing myself to imprisonment for having been an accomplice in so base an action? To get rid of these perplexities, I had recourse to my old friends the engravers, who advised me to be quiet, and wait patiently until the law process for annulling my marriage became the general subject of conversation in Lyons. I agreed to follow their advice, and began seriously to think of some means of augmenting my estate, too well convinced that all my hopes of recovering the heart of my wife would depend upon success in this alone.

After disposing of all my property for which I had no immediate use, I was master of 10,000 crowns. It was announced that we were going to have a war with some of the principal powers of Europe. In consequence of this, with the assistance of my friends, I made a bold speculation, the failure of which would involve me in poverty and wretchedness; but, if successful, would increase my wealth fourfold. While my commercial concerns were going on with the greatest secrecy, my history became the subject of public conversation. From her recluse situation in the monastery Aurora indignantly exclaimed against me and my friends. The want of address in attacking the engravers, by not putting the laughers on her side, was to me a great advantage, because their own interests obliged them to undertake my defence. Aurora insisted that our marriage should be set aside. The Abbess of the convent to which she had retired, respectable alike for her birth and goodness of heart, did every thing in her power to favour my wife's resolution. Added to this, Aurora's father had his protectors and friends, and we seemed to be menaced with defeat on every side, the scandal of which would indeed fall upon the engravers, but the most fatal and destructive consequences on myself alone. In the meantime they amused themselves with observing Aurora's pride becoming its own punishment, by the noise and talk the affair made. But all their merriment did not soften the rigid process of law. An order was issued for my arrest, and its execution was prevented solely by my concealment. The case was called before the court for a hearing.

Aurora had requested a guard to attend her to the tribunal where our marriage was to be declared either null or valid. There she made her appearance in all her lustre of beauty, which a natural modesty made still more charming. Scarcely ever did a law-suit attract more auditors. Her lawyer plead her cause with such a flow of eloquence that he was several times interrupted by the tears and emotions of the audience. The feelings of the judges were such, that it appeared their sympathy would evidently influence their sentence; when the engraver, who wished to be Aurora's husband, perceiving that no one rose up in my defence, asked permission of the judges to speak in my behalf. Leave was accordingly given him, that it might not be said I was condemned unheard. He told them my whole story in a few words, in which he was lavish in nothing so much as in my praise. He, however, confessed that the circumstances attending my marriage were such as might justify the judges in declaring the marriage void. He then paused for a moment.....The most profound silence prevailed in the hall, when addressing himself to Aurora, he said, "Perhaps, madam, nature did not intend you for a bellows mender's wife, but she, nevertheless, obliges you to be the mother of his child! Can you by insisting to be set free from your present engagements, proclaim before this

honourable court the illegitimacy of your offspring?"—"No, no," exclaimed the trembling Aurora, melting into tears. The spectators, with emotions no less vehement, cried out with one voice, "No, no!"

This exclamation of maternal affection decided the case: the judges declared the marriage valid, because the contract was signed with my real name. They added even that our conditions in life were not so unequal as to justify a dissolution of the marriage contract. But, in order that the victory of a mere fortune-hunter might not be too mortifying, they prudently declared that my wife was at liberty to remain in the convent which she had chosen for a retreat, from which her husband should have no right to reclaim her, nor prosecute her, under pain of corporal punishment; that the infant should be baptized with my name, but that I should have no authority over it. —Aurora left the court with a shew of triumph, followed by the croud, who were loud in their praises of the sacrifice she had made to prevent her child being exposed to the ridicule of the malignant.—Such was the result of this famous suit. Being obliged to conceal myself among the multitude, I took advantage of my obscurity to step about unnoticed among them, not a soul suspecting that the poor bellows-mender, so much talked of, might be a decently dressed man, and of appearance indicating a respectable rank in society. The most ridiculous stories were published about my marriage, and my absconding. I was forced to laugh with others, but was mortified to observe that they who most amused themselves at the expence of Aurora, were not the most backward in declaiming against what they termed my base conduct. My own opinion, together with the advice of my friends, determined me to quit Lyons, and to deposit my property in a city where my name and history were alike unknown. Paris was the place of my choice. The immense population of that city would better put it in my power to escape observation, and I could employ my capital to more advantage. There your friend, but recently a bellows-mender, with ten thousand crowns, and the credit of his Lyonese friends, established a commercial house, which proved fortunate beyond his expectations. For five years I was the favourite of fortune, and my conscience is my witness, that not one of my speculations ever cost me a blush.

I kept up a brisk correspondence with Lyons, and a fortunate event afforded me the opportunity of rendering an essential service to one of the first bankers of that city. His gratitude prompted him to send me a pressing invitation to visit him, as he earnestly wished for my acquaintance. I yielded to his solicitations, as well as to gratify my desire to breathe the same air with my beloved Aurora. I sat out for Lyons with an equipage, domestics, and every thing in the first stile of dress and appearance; but for the first time, nothing of all this was borrowed, and the happy effects of my industry promised a continuance of prosperity. My old friends scarcely knew me, so that it was not difficult to escape the observation of more recent acquaintance. Without seeming to have any concern or interest in the matter, I talked of the famous law-suit which five years before had so much interested the whole city, and concluded with asking some general questions about Aurora and her family, as a thing of course, and in which I had no particular concern. I learned that my wife's father was dead a short time before, and that from considerable losses in business, together with his fondness for public offices, and his expensive education of his daughter, he had left his affairs in such a bad situation, that Aurora had scarce any resources left for her maintenance, except a kind of dependence upon the bounty of the mother Abbess, with whom she still continued. I also well knew that besides the general concern for her welfare she had ever inspired me with, her conduct and behaviour had been such as to secure her as much esteem and admiration as ever: for every one observed that the bellows mender had not given himself the least trouble to reclaim the right and property in her which had been wrested from him.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ON CONVERSATION.

(CONTINUED.)

WHEN I was a young man, I found such a diffidence in company, and such a want of confidence in myself, as well as a deficient facility in expressing myself, that I was induced to prefer silent attention, rather than risque myself to be exposed. To overcome these obstacles, I immediately began to consider every object and subject with attention —I read much—reflected more—drew conclusions—took notes—compared opinions—I made remarks, and threw connected observations into essays:—thus I formed my mind, and opened it to a habit of thinking and reflecting. To exercise my faculties, and to acquire ease in speaking, and confidence in myself, I retired to the most solitary situations—to woods—to murmuring rivulets—and to the summits of high hills, and antient rocks, where nought but ECHO from her hid abode, could hear my various dialogues. In these abstracted situations, I began my soliloquies with ease and confidence. There I practised my eloquence, and spoke and roared my sentiments, that 'beasts were frighted at my din.'——There I made speeches, repeated passages, wrote verses, and sung homilies—all nature listened in silence—brutes gazed with wonder—and ECHO from her wide mouth, confirmed in melodious responses the stories that I told. Then I enjoyed myself, and learned to think and to speak, where I could neither be heard, intimidated, nor contradicted. By this means I was in a few years enabled, with some credit, to join in both company and conversation, with pleasure to myself, and satisfaction to others.

I would recommend the same practice to all young orators, and forward ignorant boys, who talk without thinking, and offend by much speaking. They ought to know, that it becomes them to hear, rather than to speak, in the company of their seniors, till they arrive at least at the age of discretion. Pythagorus did not suffer his disciples to speak for two years, and those who were forward and talkative, were obliged to submit to a quinquennial silence. By this wise rule, the sagacious philosopher taught them first to *think*, and to imbibe knowledge from himself, in his conduct and conversation. When young men, at a proper season, commence social conversation, I would recommend an antient, wise advice, which is, to *think twice before they speak once, and they will speak twice the better.*

Common conversation is often trifling and devious, from want of information, and from a careless indolence and neglect of polished manners. The generality of people are incapable of conducting or supporting a sensible

conversation—and it is only the collision of two or three polished minds, acting and re-acting alternately on each other, that produces amusing and useful colloquial intercourse. Example in conversation must have a good or a bad effect on each member, and especially upon the younger branches of society; for by imitation we are equally apt to imbibe either a man's virtues or his vices, by frequenting his company. Nothing is more pernicious for young people than hearing their seniors enjoy some base, improper conversation. Their minds must habitually imbibe what is familiar to their ears.

Some people wishing to assume a consequence in company, presume to talk much, though they cannot speak to the purpose, or throw out one ingenious reflection—such people would be mortified did they know with what contempt their assurance and ignorance are looked upon, by those who are their superiors in knowledge. A man in company may offend, either from engrossing the conversation entirely to himself, or by sitting in mute and contemptible silence—it is proper, therefore, to observe a medium; although it is more prudent to speak little than much; for it has always been allowed that *he is the wisest man who speaks least.* When we know that a man is intelligent in some things, even his silence will gain him credit, in subjects of which he is ignorant. To speak sensibly, a man must think sensibly—a wise man would not utter an improper, senseless, trifling thing, and all men should observe the same rule, which would prevent the common trifling habit of weak reflections, and unworthy sentiments in conversation.

Some men, with very little education or information, acquire a peculiar ease in conversation; with strong natural sense, and a little knowledge, they make the most of what they have, and sometimes impose themselves on strangers as men of extensive intelligence. Nothing gives one man such an advantage over another, as the powers of conversation, and in our intercourse with mankind, nothing can further our success, recommend our views, or make us so universally acceptable, as a polite address, and a well-informed mind. All men love knowledge, and are fascinated by the charms of sensible conversation and intelligence.—Every man rates his own understanding at the highest pitch—he is in general inclined to think too highly of it, and to value it above its merits. We cannot insult him more than by calling it in question, or depreciating it—yet let him alone, and perhaps in the course of your conversation with him, he will degrade it himself, by unworthy reflections and absurd expressions.

That kind of conversation which we have rendered habitual to us, will naturally lead us to associate with people of similar sentiments: hence the justness of this observation—*Shew me your company, and I will tell you your manners.*

(To be concluded next week.)

Extracts,—by a Reader.

NUMBER V.

THE AMOURS OF COUNT VESSELINI.

(CONCLUDED.)

THE Count left the thicket to which he had retired, at the arrival of the lady, nor did they look upon each other with the ordinary astonishment of those who have never before seen one another; he spread his cloak on the grass, and they sat down, and made a sign to their followers to retire. He related to her how by a vision he was moved to demand this interview, without having the honour to know her;—and told her that after such happy success in his first enterprize, he presumed to flatter himself with hopes of her assistance in the execution of the design he had upon Muran. She answered, that this would be a breach of her duty to Rahoczi, and that tho' she was willing to become unfaithful to him, she could only be so in her mind, Muran being impregnable, not only by its situation, but also by the diligence and strength of the garrison, which was composed of six hundred chosen men, drawn out of the best troops of Transylvania.

The Count persisted in imploring her assistande, and his eloquence did not fail him on this occasion, to persuade her that their marriage was decreed by heaven, which would be favourable to them in this enterprize; and that she would gain immortal glory, when Muran, conquered by her aid, should become the pledge of their love, and the scene of the most famous marriage that ever Hungary beheld.

Not one of these words fell to the ground, Mary Secski could not refuse to admit into Muran, one who had already stormed her heart.

On the Count proposing to scale the walls in a certain place, she promised to draw the centinels off their guard, and to furnish him with a ladder.

The day appointed for the scalado was the third of August, 1644, both of them swearing the strictest fidelity. The day being come, Vesselini detaching five hundred men, made eighty of them swear not to abandon him. At night he marched towards the Castle, at the head of this select band, and commanded the rest to follow at a distance. His guide led him through a longer and more perilous way than he expected, and made him pass a village where they kept watch.—The centinel stopped him, and presented his carbine to his breast, crying out *amain.*—Vesselini, in a low voice, endeavoured to persuade him that he was a friend, and had a design upon some of the enemy's troops; at length he appeased him, and was permitted to pass, but descending into another village, he was suddenly assaulted by the rabble, and obliged to retire. To add to his misfortune, his guide forsook him, and he was nearly lost between the mountains.—At length thinking he had discovered a grot, he perceived the shadow of a man, and running thither with his pistol in his hand, he knew him to be one of his soldiers whom he had left behind, that was come in quest of him, and to inform him that his troops were rallied in the first village through which he had passed. Hastening thither, he found that the freeness of their behaviour had already made them to be kindly entertained by the inhabitants, who judged them to be their friends. He immediately departed with his men in search of a place where they might ascend the rock. They were already mounting it, when they heard the noise of the guns of Muran.

Then it was that finding they were discovered, the boldest began to quake, and he was conjured by them all to give over the attempt. He intreated them to leave him, and suffer him rather to perish, than to preserve a wretched existence; and persuaded them, contrary to his own judgment, that they were not discovered, and that some other reason occasioned the firing of the guns.

Mary Secski suffered great inquietude, in expectation of the Count's arrival. She had contrived to keep the centinels off their duty, under pretext of making them drink, and also to detain the sergeant who should have mounted the guard, under colour of engaging him to play. Fearing, however,

that Vesselini had taken the alarm, she dispatched the gentleman whom she had sent to him once before, to assure him of the facility that he would find in the execution of this design. The man descrying some of the Count's troops already advanced, made a sign to them with his handkerchief. The Count advancing, knew him immediately. The man guided him to the place by which he was to ascend before he could come at the wall. It was a very high and craggy rock; The Count scrambled up one half of the way without difficulty; but on a sudden he found himself fatigued, breathless, and unable to proceed. His men relieved him; and drew him up to the top of the hill, where they found themselves at the foot of the wall.—It was not long before the lady herself arrived; she cast down a ladder; twenty of the imperial soldiers mounted, the count followed, and after him sixty others; the rest having orders to march to the gate of the castle, and there to wait till it should be opened. Mary Secski dispersed the Count's soldiers in the chambers of her apartment; she went to bed on purpose to remove all suspicions, and sent to pray the Governor to come and see her, pretending that she had an advice of importance to communicate to him. He was no sooner entered, than the Count's soldiers seized him, led him to a remote chamber, and set a guard upon him—the other officers of the garrison were in like manner secured. Vesselini sent to surprise the corps-de-guard; and in fine made himself master of the place. After he had given the necessary orders to secure his conquest, and provided for all that the service of the emperor his master required, he came next to acquit himself of his duty to his mistress, and to love, and married the heroine Mary Secski. The Emperor confirmed to the Count the possession of Muran, and erected it into a free country for him and his heirs *for ever*.

The following curious Epitaph is, or was, in Hadleigh Church, Suffolk, England;—

The charnel mounted on the w
Sets to be seen in funer
A matron plain domestic
In care and pains continu
Not slow, not gay, nor prodig
Yet neighbourly and hospit
Her children seven yet living
Her fixty-seventh year hence did c
To rest her body natur
In hopes to rise spiritu

} all

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

From the attention paid to my last communication, I have been induced to send you another essay, extracted from a Magazine, entitled the Columbian Phœnix, *published in Boston, in the year* 1800; *which, as that work had not a general circulation, will be new to many of your subscriber.*

Your's,

PHILADELPHUS.

ON THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

"The American Revolution will for ever stand a grand epoch in the annals of time. The faculties of human nature, and the rights of man were never till then thoroughly investigated. The art of legislation was brought back to reason, government was stripped of its mystery, and exposed to the eye of public scrutiny; and "it was found that for a nation to become free, it is sufficient that she wills it."

"Here was no demon of anarchy, to spread the pestilence of civil war, to rule in solitude over the graves of his countrymen; no phrenzied parricide to bear in triumph the head of his father, streaming with blood from a guillotine, to testify his patriotism. Ambition never soared on the crimson wings of victory to waft herself to empire.

"We boast no cities laid in ruins to commemorate the downfal of government and religion; no provinces deluged with blood, to mark the flaming path of equality; no rivers choaked with putrid carcases of murdered citizens. No! far different triumphs are our's—Calm reflection here performed the miracles of inspiration, and deliberate valour acquired the achievements of gods. An empire happy,—a mighty nation freed from tyranny. These are the glorious monuments of our revolution,—these the immortal trophies of which we boast.

"Our fathers, persecuted and hunted in their native land, committed themselves to the bosom of the deep, choosing rather to wander at large amidst storms and tempests than sacrifice their religion, and give up their liberties to the inquisition of an inexorable tyrant. Guided by heaven to these (then) solitary shores, nature received them with open arms, and joyfully pressed them to her rugged breast. By their toils and perseverance, by that virtue derived from pure religion, and that industry inspired by liberty, they increased to a degree of population and opulence that commanded national respectability. With minds superior to revenge the ingratitude of the mother country, they fondly hailed her by the endearing name of parent: every tongue was loud in her praise, and every heart rejoiced to obey the commands of her patriot kings.

"But the wealth of nations was insufficient to support the pomp and dignity of a profligate court, and the cravings of ministerial rapacity. Jealous of a rising power, which he forboded would soon set him at defiance, and guided by the narrow policy of traiterous counsellors, the King of Great Britain attempted to gratify the avarice of his favourite, by oppressive extortions from his colonies. The perfidious design was concealed with all the art of hypocrisy and imposture. The powers of flattery and promises, of seduction and bribery, were in vain used to ensure its success. Our rulers were too virtuous to barter their rights for gold; too wise to be duped by the insidious professions of a treacherous cabinet;—and too resolute to be plundered by royal robbers. They reasoned, petitioned, and remonstrated. It was not the value of the demand, it was the *right* that they contested. The demands at length became open and peremptory.—Unconditional submission, or chastisement, was the insulting language. But America roused with indignation; her flinty brow sparkled at the strokes of oppression, and kindled a holy flame of patriotism, which the engines of kings, and the slaves of tyrants, could never extinguish.

"Europe beheld with amazement an infant nation, unskilled in the detestable art of human slaughter, rise in defiance of the mighty power of Britain. The forces of a great nation were called forth to crush and subdue us: the fiery meteor of royal vengeance streamed thro' our atmosphere; the tempest gathered blackness, the clouds burst over our heads.....*But America rose, firm and undaunted, like the mighty Andes, whose towering rocks rise in calm sublimity, mocking the fury of the angry elements.*"

REFLECTIONS.

Frequent laughers are sure to be laughed at, though they are not laughed with; loud laughers are sure to incommode.—The French say, "those laugh well, who laugh least."

Those things that we have been half our lives without, we deplore if they are lost for a day.

The apprehension of evils is greater than the reality; for the arithmetic that calculates for the sufferance, never notices the force provided to bear it.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

To Sciolus.

T. D.'s respects to the scientific SCIOLUS, for his great condescension in answering, so very satisfactorily, the questions proposed in a former number of the Repository*. It is certainly a mark of a great mind, to descend from the *sublimity of science*, to answer questions that "have a thousand times received such answers as the nature of the subject, or the advancement of science would admit," in the dark days that are passed; but T. D. cannot help expressing his great disappointment, that the present luminaries in science, (especially such a paragon as Sciolus) cannot throw some new light upon this mysterious subject.

T. D. assures *Sciolus* that he was not altogether ignorant of the definitions he has deigned to give, and that his reason for proposing the questions, was to see if any thing new or more satisfactory could be advanced, on those occult principles, which are said to reside in nature, and to produce certain effects.

Sciolus will excuse an ignorant philosopher, if he wishes for philosophical demonstration, rather than build upon hypothesis, or the imaginary theories of any philosopher, (and although it may be sacrilege with *Sciolus,)* not excepting SIR ISAAC NEWTON. For highly as T. D. esteems that great man, even as a star of the first magnitude in philosophy; yet as Sir Isaac Newton never pretended to infallibility, he would not servilely adhere to his hypothesis, without using his own reason on the subject. And as the principle of *attraction* has never been demonstrated even by Sir Isaac Newton, it still rests on the basis of conjecture, or hypothesis only. This is confirmed by *Sciolus himself*, who calls it "an unknown power or principle in nature." This is a snug way of answering the question; but, by the bye, Dr. Johnson has a much more satisfactory answer in his Dictionary, where he informs us, that "attraction is the power of drawing any thing." Now T. D. would thank *Sciolus* for some definition of the action or operation of bodies drawing each other.—He says "they mutually tend toward each other;" but as philosophers are generally seeking after *second causes*, whereby to explain the various phenomena in nature, will *Sciolus* be pleased to give some clue, by which T. D. can affix some idea of the means or second causes made use of by the Deity in the article of attraction? If Sciolus cannot do this, he must excuse T. D. if he considers all his imaginary principles as unnecessary, and concludes, that all the operations in nature are better resolved into that Great First Principle or Cause, "by which all things consist," and by whom also they move and have their proper destination.

P. S. If time will permit, T. D. has more doubts to be removed, and more observations to make on Sciolus's answers to the other questions.

See page 22, vol. III.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

To Sciolus.

SIR,

IT appears that knotty equations are so offensive to you, that guessing is substituted for calculation, being not so laborious, for which encomiums are due to you; but there is none due for your Solution to the young friend's Question, proposed in page 7, it being inaccurate, for which see Sir Isaac Newton's Universal Arithmetic, problem 19, page 253, and for the figure see plate 1, figure 23, &c.

N. MAJOR.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

My extract from Anacharsis *having received a place in your Repository, I have sent you another, believing it equally worthy of republication.*

A SUBSCRIBER.

ON HISTORY.

"HISTORY is a theatre on which the politics and morals appear in action. Youth receive from it those first impressions which sometimes are decisive of their future destiny. We must therefore present to them the noblest models, and inspire them with the utmost horror for false heroism. Sovereigns and nations may derive from history the most important lessons: the historian, therefore, should be as inflexible as justice, of which he is to maintain the rights,—and as sincere as truth, of which he professes himself to be the organ. So august are his functions, that they ought to be exercised only by men of acknowledged integrity, and under the inspection of a tribunal no less severe than that of the Areopagus. In a word, the utility of history can only be impaired by those who know not how to write it,—nor doubted but by those who know not how to read it."

THE VISION OF OSMIR.

An imitation of the much-admired Vision of MIRZA, *in the 2d vol. of the Spectator.*

FINDING myself one day more than usually disposed for serious reflection, I sat down on purpose to spend some time in meditation. After ruminating on different subjects, I at last fell into a profound contemplation on the various pursuits and follies of mankind. Upon viewing man in the several stages of his existence, I found that human life was nothing but a scene of disorder, and unsubstantial enjoyment. I observed that man in the morning of life basked for a time in the sunshine of prosperity, but long ere the evening arrived, fortune had proved adverse, and rendered ineffectual all his endeavours in the pursuit of happiness. Surely, said I, this cannot be the only state of man's existence. If it is, wherefore is there implanted in the human breast a desire of happiness which can never here be gratified? As I was musing in this manner, I conceived myself suddenly carried away with inconceivable swiftness, and placed on the top of one of those hills which lie near that once great and magnificent city Palmyra. After having recovered from the trepidation occasioned by the rapidity of my flight, I turned my eyes towards the remains of the city, and feasted them for some time on the ruins of ancient grandeur.

I had not remained long in this posture, when I perceived a person coming toward me, who, I presently concluded, was the genius who had been the cause of my flight. I felt an inward awe at his approach. His mein was altogether dignity, and from viewing his countenance, I felt a pleasure somewhat similar to that which I have often received from contemplating the beauties of the setting sun. When he had approached me, Osmir, said he, I have heard thee in thy soliloquies, and have brought thee hither to reveal to thee the secret concerning which thou doubtest. As he said this, I prostrated myself before him with that reverence which is due to a being of a superior nature. The genius smiled upon me with a look of complacency, which at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions I felt at seeing him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, Osmir, said he, take thine eyes off these memorials of the mouldering hand of time; thou art already sufficiently convinced of the instability of human affairs: cast them eastward, and tell me what thou seest. I see, said I, a large mountain, and a huge tide of water rolling with tremendous noise

along its base. The mountain, said he, which thou seest, is human life, and the tide of water is part of the great tide of eternity. What is the reason, said I, that the tide which I see rises out of a thick mist at one end of the mountain, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other.

What thou seest, said he, is that portion of eternity called time, measured by the sun from the beginning of the world to its consummation. But examine now, said he, the mountain, and tell me what thou discoverest on it. I see, said I, multitudes of people climbing up its side, apparently with a design of reaching the top. These are they, said he, who inherit life, and are industriously employed in the pursuit of happiness; consider them attentively. As I looked with more earnestness, I saw several persons tumbling down the side of the mountain into the great tide that rolled beneath: and upon farther examination perceived that the side of the mountain was immensely steep and craggy, so that unless great care and exertion was used, the person who climbed inevitably lost his hold, fell back into the tide, and immediately disappeared. The mountain was exceedingly steep towards the bottom, so that throngs of people had no sooner begun their journey, till many of them, through carelessness and inattention, lost their hold, and fell back into the tide. It became gradually less so towards the top, where it seemed to end in a level plain, but an impenetrable mist obscured it from my eye. As I still surveyed the mountain, what mean, said I, those flocks of birds, which hover along the side of the mountain, and perch from time to time on the projecting rocks. These, said the genius, which thou seest, feeding quietly among the rocks, are temperance, justice, moderation, integrity, clemency, and other like virtues; but those which you see continually fluttering about, are envy, avarice, hatred, superstition, despair, anger, and other like fiends which torment human life. But now, said he, let us consider still more attentively man in his journey through life. You observe with how many difficulties he is attended upon his first entrance into life. The mountain is exceedingly steep, and evil geniuses surround him on every side: so that no sooner has he begun his journey, than he is saluted by a thousand voices, each offering to be his conductor in the road to happiness. Hence it is, that so many allured by the gaudy shew of happiness presented unto them, desert the paths of virtue in which they had at first set out, and while they are grasping at some unsubstantial enjoyment, lose their hold, and tumble down into the tide of misery. Others, you may observe, possessing more fortitude and resolution, persevere for a time in the true road to happiness. Losing courage, however, long before they reach the top, and unable any longer to withstand the many temptations which surround them, they join themselves to some of those evil geniuses, who, in the end, never fail to prove fatal to them.

I here fetched a deep sigh:—Alas! said I, man was made in vain! How is he given away to misery and mortality! Tortured in life, and swallowed up in death! The genius being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. Look no more, said he, on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity, but cast thine eyes towards the thick mist which rests on the top of the mountain. I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius strengthened it with a supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist which was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I beheld over the top of the mountain an immense tract of country, extending farther than the eye could reach. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing on it. But on the other there appeared to be formed an assemblage of every thing that could please the eye, or delight the imagination. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments.—Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle that I might fly away to those blessed abodes: but the genius told me there was no passage to them, except up the tremendous precipices which lay all along the side of the mountain. The tract of country, said he, which thou seest, is infinitely more extensive than the utmost stretch of thy imagination can conceive. It is here that good men reside after death: and not only the good men of this world which thou inhabitest, but also of myriads of other worlds go thither, and enjoy eternal repose. Such men as have resolution to withstand the temptations of evil, and have been persevering in their endeavours after goodness and virtue, inherit these blessed abodes. Are not these, O Osmir, prizes worth contending for? Does life appear miserable that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared which conveys thee out of a world of misery, to the enjoyment of inconceivable felicity throughout the never-ending ages of eternity?—I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy lands. At length, said I, shew me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which conceal the other half of paradise from my view. The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me: I then turned again to the vision, which I had been before contemplating, but instead of the rolling tide, the craggy mountain, and the happy lands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley which leads along towards the ruins of the city.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

I WAS somewhat astonished to find in your last paper an error committed by your faithful and philosophical correspondent, *Sciolus*, in the solution of D. Smith's Mathematical Question, page 30 of the Repository: it must be obvious to any person who understands the property of the triangle, that this is erroneous, because the square of *AB*, the hypothenuse = 10.7963, is not equal to the square of *AC* 10.0463+3.9537 the perpendicular *BC*; whereas it should be by Euclid 1st and 47th. Had this error been timely detected, it would add more honour to the abilities of the solver, and save me some trouble, which will be sufficiently recompensed by the insertion of this. Should Mr. C. perceive the error, he can with impunity retaliate the stroke he received from the philosopher.

Your constant reader,
CRITICARUS.

TO SCIOLUS,

THE ORACLE AND QUERIST.

Through the medium of Mr. HOGAN's Repository.

My dear & much respected Sir,

AS you seem to be principally employed in detecting errors in the Repository, I was glad to see my nautical quere handled by you with such candour. T. D. and others have apparently felt the effects of your wit. As a proof of this, no productions of their's have appeared since, and as for me to combat with you, I'd sooner prefer trying my strength with the falls of Niagara, for your sarcasm is like a torrent. As you think I am a seaman every inch,—

you are doubtless a satirist every line, and you have repeatedly displayed your abilities as one. You are solicitous that I should give over my lake-paddling, and try my fortune in the lunar trade. In this I acquiesce, provided you accompany me as pilot; and as you were no doubt mess-mate with *Baron Munchausen*, you will be better acquainted with the many accidents which may occur on a voyage of this nature.—But bless me, what reason have you for preferring a man of war to any other,—does the ætherial inhabitants use row-gallies; or are they all pirates? It would appear so by the tenor of your quere. For me, I have a natural antipathy to war, particularly with strangers. But let me see a little more of this—a cruise to the moon!—what is your motive here? Is there any plunder to be found among the æther? I suppose there are some rich prizes in that quarter—Oh, what a lucrative voyage it will be, Sciolus! We shall deliberate some time upon it. In the mean time let us see something else—would it not be infinitely more to your honour to try your calculating faculties in Pililudius's Question, than in a trifling Nautical Paradox, wholly adapted for sailors?—To this I reply plainly, yes: but alas! alas! you are incapable!—With the aid of Harry Wilson's Navigation, you solved mine; have you no aid for the other, which certainly I consider better suited for men of abilities, (as you profess to be) than it.—In the next place you have committed an irreparable error in the solution of D. Smith's Question, for neither of the sides are exact, and the whole process is erroneous. It seems as if there were no mathematicians of note in Philadelphia, else they would detect such an obvious blunder as this. I will, perhaps, in some future paper, take D. Smith's question in hand, and shew your mistake. Indeed I would do this in the mean time, but there is sufficient at present.—I would term it lost time to answer, or rather solve your lunar voyage: but as, perhaps, you cannot, I refer you to NEWTON'S PRINCIPIA, under the subject *Gravity*. So adieu.

I am, dear Sir,
Your's respectfully,
W. C.

EPIGRAMME.

CROYEZ-MOI, vieilles Coquettes,
Retranchez de vos toilettes
Celles du matin & du soir:
Pour plus de sûreté, brisez votre miroir;
Vous ne pouvez plus vous y voir,
Telles que vous étiez, ni telles que vous êtes.

☞ *A Translation is requested.*

TRANSLATION

Of the MADRIGAL, in page 39.

YOUNG Isabel, laughing in merriest glee,
Defi'd me to snatch or to pilfer a kiss:
At length, by a cunning well-aim'd for the bliss,
I gain it, and boast my success --Ah, says she,
Your own great address you unjustly applaud;
For I, very willing, the favour bestow'd. B.

ANOTHER TRANSLATION.

LAUGHING, pretty * Adelaide
Defi'd me for to steal a kiss;
Finally by cunning's aid,
I attain'd the wish'd-for bliss.
Well pleas'd I got what was denl'd,
It set my tongue a trilling—
O boast not of your skill she cri'd,
Believe me, I was willing. FLORIO.

* *Adelaide is substituted in the room of Isabelle, for the sake of conforming, in the subsequent lines, more to the original.*

PHILADELPHIA,
FEBRUARY 5, 1803.

INTELLIGENCE.

THERE are Counterfeit Dollars in circulation, done in imitation of the Spanish dollar of the impression of 1799. The inscription on both sides is well imitated, but the head and arms are not so delicately executed as they are in the genuine dollar.—The most striking difference between the two is in the words PLUS VLTRA, on the labels intwined round the columns—On the counterfeit the S is so rudely executed, as to resemble Z, and is rather larger than the letters PLU, and in the word VLTRA, the V is larger, and the L is considerably smaller and more faint than the letters TRA.

Woodstock, N. H. Jan. 10.

ON the 7th inst. Master Abner Cobb, about 5 years of age, was found in a lot, mortally wounded on the head; he expired in about two hours after he was discovered by the family—A sheep which was in the lot, was in the morning discovered to have on its horns and wool marks of blood, and it is tho't was the destroyer of the child.

THERE is in the Library of St. Mark, at Venice, a curious Marine Chart, of the American seas, by Bianchi, finished before the voyages or discovery of Americus Vesputius, and on which the Antilles are marked. This chart, which proves beyond all question that the Europeans had some knowledge of America, before the discovery by Vesputius, will be published shortly by Morelli the Librarian.

AN important discovery has lately been made by *Simeon Route*, and by him assigned to *John Lamb*, who has obtained a patent from the United States, signed by the President, the 1st day of January, 1803, for extracting pure, wholesome, and fresh water from the salt water of the ocean, by means of evaporation and condensation.

With a new and useful improvement in the camboose of a vessel for working said machine without any additional expence of fuel, and supplies at sea a sufficiency of fresh water for the ship's use.

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 28th ult. by the Rev. Mr. M'Clasky, Mr. *William Roberts*, of Spring Garden, Carpenter, to the amiable Miss *Hester Dewees*, of this city.

———, on the 29th ult. at Friends' Meeting, Mr. *Thomas Fagin Robinson*, a native of Scotland, to Miss *Sarah M'Kean*, of this city.

———, on the 29th ult. by the Rev. Dr. White, Mr. *Thomas M. Hall*, merchant, to Miss *Mary Ann Bringhurst*, daughter of Mr. George Bringhurst of this city.

———, on the 30th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, Mr. *Joshua Ash*, to Miss *Eustice Brannon*, daughter of Judge Brannon, both of Delaware county.

———, on the 3d inst. by the Rev. Dr. Green, Mr. *William Flintham*, merchant, to Miss *Mary Bradford*, daughter of Mr. Thomas Bradford, all of this city.

———, on the 27th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Milledoler, Mr. *John M'Mullin*, to Miss *Maria Ord*, both of Southwark.

Deaths.

DIED, on the 20th ult. in the 97th year of her age, *Mrs. Sarah Preston*, widow of the late Mr. Thomas Preston.

——, on the 25th ult. *Sarah Evans*, widow of the late Thomas Evans, in the 87th year of her age.

——, in Maryland, *John Colegate*, esq. of an apoplectic fit.—He was an associate justice of Frederic county court, and an officer during the revolutionary war.

——, In England, lately, *Dr. Arnold*, after a long and painful illness. Few have contributed more largely to public amusement: and we know of no English composer who has composed so much and so well. The Maid of the Mill—The Agreeable Surprise—Inkle and Yarico—The Surrender of Calais—The Shipwreck and Peeping Tom, will continue to delight as long as true harmony continues to charm.

——, lately at Vienna, a MISER, who had amassed a sum of money which filled thirty bags, each containing a thousand pieces, of all the different coins in circulation in the Imperial states. He was possessed besides of considerable landed property, and spent only about 7½d. per day. No person ever entered his chamber except himself.

TO CORRSPONDENTS.

We unfortunately cannot perceive any wit in *Humphrey Gubbin's* observations; nor what good purpose their publication would answer.

W. C. is still incorrect—though Mr. Major has made use of the same letters (and they are in common use among mathematicians) that Gough has, to express the years and months; yet the equations, or conditions of the question, are widely different.

A Citizen's remarks, to ensure their insertion, ought to have been couched in general terms, and not applied to a particular person.

We are sorry to mark our disapprobation of *A Reader's* last *Extract*—The *Amours of Count Vesselini* will interest very few of our readers, and the story is told in such an indifferent manner, that very considerable corrections were necessary in the part last received, to render the style even tolerable—*Reader* is informed, that in future the *whole* of the copy of his *extracts*, must be received and examined previous to publication.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MR. HOGAN,

I Have it from good authority that the following is a juvenile production; I am, therefore, confident that you will treat it with tenderness.

ALEXIS.

TO SENSIBILITY.

DEAREST source of all that's fine,
SENSIBILITY divine!
Fountain of all joy or pain,
Whence our feelings flow amain—
Thou alone our way canst ope
To our bliss, or to our hope;—
Ever prompting to distress—
Ever giving happiness.
From thy heart, warm currents play,
Ceaseless flowing night and day;
Not to one small spot confin'd,
Open to all human kind.
Now that heart's prepar'd to shew
Fair impressions from below;
Now, from cherub-forms above,
Beauty, virtue, joy and love.
At thy shrine, in moving strain
Charity ne'er sues in vain;
Sweet sensation brings relief,
Soothes her woes, and stops her grief.
In thy heart warm passions dwell,
Centred in their genial cell;
Which, when kindred objects rise,
Live in triumph in thine eyes—
In thine actions, too, are seen;
In thy looks and in thy mein.
Tenderness that heart o'erflows,
Stranger to a calm repose;
Pleasing pain thy bosom thrills,
Fraught with thousand joys and ills.
If unfeel'd those feelings move,
Unregarded by thy Love,
Soon thy streams of life shall dry;
Soon the lustre leave thine eye;
Soon thy roses fade away,
And thy charms in dust decay.
But, sweet SENSIBILITY,
Thou'st a better quality,
With thy gentle nature giv'n,
Bearing thee from earth to Heav'n;—
Thou to *Piety* dost tend,
Man's divine and truest friend.
He who does thy pow'r possess,
Melts with genuine tenderness,
As in view his SAVIOUR stands,
With pierc'd side and wounded hands,
Hanging on th' accursed wood,
Crimson'd with his vital blood.
Oh! what sorrows fill his eyes!
Pangs within his bosom rise!
His REDEEMER now confest,
Takes possession of his breast.
Such the gifts, O heav'nly pow'r,
Thou dost on thy vot'ries show'r;—
Happy here, and when they die
Happier far, beyond the sky!
Still let stupid *Stoics* deem,
SENSIBILITY a dream;
And Thee, with a haughty pride,
"Nature's weakness," still deride;—
Yet, while HEAV'N approves, divine
SENSIBILITY be mine! O.

SELECTED.

THE USURER.

FROM THE FRENCH.

AN usurer, in little time
A mighty mass of wealth had gain'd;
'Twas not, he said, by fraud or crime,
But all by honest means obtain'd.

At length, his sinful soul to save,
With grateful superstition fill'd,
(But more with worldly pride) the knave
Resolv'd an hospital to build.

Now that the edifice was rais'd,
And while, intent on his survey,
His generous self he inly prais'd,
A waggish neighbour pass'd that way.

A converse quick the miser sought,
And ask'd, (of admiration sure)
Whether the hospital, he thought,
Was large enough to hold the poor?

"Why yes," said he, "I see, full well,
"The building's large—and yet, if all
"Whom you've made poor, were here to dwell,
"I shrewdly guess 'twould be too small."

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

FROM AN OLD PUBLICATION.

The following noble epitaph is copied, *verbatim & literatim*, from a grave-stone in St. Edmund's churchyard, Sarum, (Eng.) I am persuaded all good judges will allow, that the sublimest passages in Homer, Virgil, or Milton, are, when compared with it, no better than the merest bathos. O.

To the Memory of three Infant Children of Joseph *and* Arabella Maton.

INNOCENCE, embellishes divinely compleat,
To prescience coegent now sublimely great,
In the benign perfecting vivifying state!
So heavenly guardians occupy the skies;
The pre-existent GOD, omnipotent, all-wise!
He can surpassingly immortalize thy theme,
And permanent thy soul celestial supreme.
When gracious refulgence bids the grave resign,
The Creator's nursing protection be thine.
So each perspiring æther will joyfully rise;
Transcendently good, supereminently wise!

PARODY

ON DR. JOHNSON'S "HERMIT'S HOUR."

BY J. I. HUNT.*

"Gentle lady, on whose cheek
"Modesty's soft blushes play,
"Tell, O tell me where to seek
"Virtue, and her blissful way!"

Thus I said, and mournful sigh'd
As I curs'd beguiling sin;
When the gentle lady cri'd,
Come and treat us with some Gin!

NOTE.

* *Mr. Hunt has lately published a volume of poems, written before his 16th year.*

HONESTY *and* KNAVERY.

—A strange mixture—

A Company was established in London some years ago, which insures a man's life in spite of self-murder, but not beyond 300 pounds. A man went and insured his life, securing the privilege of a free-dying Englishman; he carried the insurers to dine at a tavern, where they met several other persons. After dinner, he said to the life and death brokers, "Gentlemen, it is fit that you should be acquainted with the company: these honest men are tradesmen, to whom I was in debt, without any means of paying, but by your assistance; and now I am your humble servant!"—and immediately pulled out a pistol and shot himself.

MUSICAL PIGS.

The Abbe de Baignes was a man fertile in inventions, and chief of the music of Louis IX. This prince, one day demanded of him a concert to be executed by pigs. He believed, by the extravagance of this demand, to reduce the genius of the Abbe to an impossibility. He notwithstanding undertook it, and even accomplished it, to the satisfaction of the King. He selected a number of pigs of different ages, and whose cries consequently produced different tones; he placed them all under a pavilion of magnificent velvet, in the front of which was a table of wood, forming a case like that containing the pipes of an organ. Different needles that he touched, pricked different pigs, and these animals, when spurred, squeeled out, which formed a harmony, whose novelty was its greatest merit, but which did not fail to please the King.

A German Poet begins what he calls an EPIC POEM thus—"The Sun is a great fire, the Rainbow the fender, and a Tempest the mere puff of a volcanic pair of bellows."